Gabriel picks a side *not* Team Free Will.

The problem *was*: he could never refuse a pleading Winchester. Even if that Winchester wasn't there anymore, and he could see his brother in every movement and look and even in Sam Winchester's eyes.

But his brother was smart, too smart, and he could never deny a pleading Winchester. What was one more place to Fall to, after years and years and years on Earth?

He could rationalize, he could excuse himself by saying he was just finishing what he had already started.

The truth *was*: Michael couldn't beat Lucifer, not if Lucifer brought another archangel to the fight.

It had made something dark and Trickster-like in him very pleased at Michael's expression when he had appeared, sword in hand. It had made something angelic in him break when he had put his sword through Michael's chest in one clean movement, killing the vessel, definitely killing Michael.

Lucifer hadn't been happy, but he hadn't been angry, either, not at Gabriel, and they had stood together quietly, watching Dean Winchester's corpse lie there.

Gabriel had long rid himself of guilt. Guilt, and tears and pain -

Not very well, not well at all. But his brothers were no longer dying but instead surrendering and all he had to do to end it was kill one brother.

And he could never deny a Winchester.